# For LITTLE MEN



#### POLLY ANN ELDREDGE.

come around in the twelve years of her life. They had always put money in the bank for her instead of buying a doll or a sled or books or toys for which she longed.

She had had simple toys, of course, but nothing to compare with those she dreamed. about "Frugality" had a ways been Aunt Jo's favorite word. She had managed the household with that word even to clothes, but she herself had always bought what she wanted. It was aggravating to beautyloving Polly to see the pretty things, but not be able to have them herself.

When Polly was twelve Uncle Amrach and Aunt Jo went away to Canada, which left only grandmother and Polly in the little cottage in the Ohio town. Polly was glad to see the last of Aunt Jo's trunks as grandmother turned the key in the door a black-clad figure turned in at the gate.

"Oh, dear!" cried Polly, disappointedly. "It's Mrs. Meriweather. Can't you tell her we are just starting for town, grandma?" "Mrs. Meriweather has just lost her husband, dear," said grandmother, gently. "I know," answered Polly, "but I hope she won't stay long this time."

The two ladies went into the parlor to talk, and Polly sat on the steps of the piazza. She heard the murmur of voices,

it to ten words to save money. It said: "Dear Cousin Pauline-I accept your beau-Polly Ann Eldredge had \$100 in the savings bank. It was not money she had earned and saved herself, however. It represented many presents from her Uncle what necessary frocks must be bought and made at covary whather a heaviting soft Amrach and Aunt Jo, on the birthdays and Christmases and Fourth of Julys that had come around in the twelve years of har whether that big yellow straw with the pink

nothing to compare with those she dreamed about. "Frugality" had a ways been Aunt as grandmother turned the key in the door



POLLY AT THE SEASHORE.

Polly. Please let her come to us for two months. We will take the best of care of her, and give her a very good time. She considered part hers, and she did yet, and plodded meekly on, and let the triumphant

her own yearning for a good time.

"You should go in a minute, dearie,"
said grandmother, "if I had the money; but
Uncle Amrach left me only a very little,

not enough even to buy you a hat; for you see all our food is charged on Uncle Amrach's bill, so I did not need any. I hate to have you disappointed, Polly dear, but I do not see how it is possible." Grandmother's voice caught as if she felt as much like crying as Polly did. "Couldn't we find Uncle Amrach if we

"I'm afraid not, dearle; they are travel-ing. And then, you know, Uncle Amrach thinks little girls are better at home." Polly knew quite well that Uncle Am-rach did not believe in spending money

upon his niece.
"If I only had that money that is coming in the legacy your Uncle Joshua left," continued grandmother, "you should go in

"You dear, sweet, generous grandma!" cried Polly. "I would not take it when you

can take what is needed and when my legacy comes along you shall have enough of that to replace it."

So Polly sent her first telegram, addressed friend of Cousin Pauline's.

If you would like to know whether Polly to the cousins.

The telegraph operator smiled when Polly enjoyed herself, look at the picture and handed him her message. She had to limit

depart. She had so many beautiful things that a small niece admired! And Polly longed for pretty things herself. What would straight hair and freckles matter if Merlweather sobbing. Polly's heart thumpthought Polly.

Then two days after Uncle Amrach and Aunt Jo had departed came a letter from a the flower girl at Mrs. Meriweather's weddistant cousin who had a beautiful place on the seacoust, saying:

"We have never had a visit from little Polly. Please let her come to us for two Mrs. Meriweather had been to her. Then "Tha

months. We will take the best of care of her, and give her a very good time. She should bring all her pretty little frocks, as clothes soil quickly here and we have many friends and a gay time. A friend, Mrs. Jamieson, is coming on your railroad and will stop off at Schuyler for her. Telegraph the answer."

"Oh. grandmother, grandmother!" cried Polly, wildly. "It's the very first invitation I have ever had—can't I, please—oh, can't it be managed somehow?"

Now grandmother, besides being devoted to Polly, remembered her own girlhood and her own yearning for a good time.

"You should go in a minute, dearie," said grandmother, "if I had the money; but baby, I would starve rather than to ask."

Then she heard Mrs. Meriweather baby, too, she had considered part hers, and she did yet, and the Meriweather baby was very ill.

Then she heard Mrs. Meriweather's voice: "I don't know what to do, Mrs. Havens; there isn't a cent in the bank, the rent hasn't been pald, and Dr. Sprague says if I don't take my baby where he can get salt air, he will not live a month. I knew your son had considerable money, and I thought—perhaps—I might borrow of you till I can reach my friends in Scotland." Mrs. Meriweather baby, too, she had considered part hers, and she did yet, and the Meriweather baby was very ill.

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Then she heard Mrs. Meriweather's voice: "I don't know what to do, Mrs. Havens; the Meriweather baby was very ill. baby, I would starve rather than to ask. If I only had about \$90 it would pay the bills and take us to the sea and save little Donald's life." Polly thought her heart had stopped beat-

ing she felt so smothered. Ninety dollars!
And little Donala's life was in danger.
The next minute Polly flung herself into the little parlor.
"Grandmother!" she gasped. "I-I don't need the money that has been saved for

me. I couldn't help hearing and—and I would like Mrs. Meriweather to have it. I love little Donald, too."
"Oh, Polly," cried Mrs. Meriweather,

"you're a sweet, generous little girl. I can't accept your money, dear—perhaps I can find it somewhere else." "I really mean it, indeed I do," said

Polly, "and it will make me happy to think helped baby Donald."
There was something suspiciously like

cried Polly. "I would not take it when you have so little anyway."

"Yes, indeed you would, there is enough for us here," said grandmother; "an old lady doesn't need much, you know."

Polly hugged her. Then a thought popped into her mind. "Why—can't I take my own money from the savings bank?" she cried breathlessly.

"Take it, my dear; Polly means what she says, an. that is the only money in the family now."

Ten minutes later, Mrs. Meriweather left the house with \$100 in her pocket; grandmother and Polly took off their hats, after sending another telegram, and Polly played with her cat all that afternoon, while grandmother knitted. They did not dare grandmother knitted. They did not dare grandmother knitted. "It would certainly be too bad," replied grandma. "to disturb your little nestegg. but I tell you what we can do, dearie. We can take what is needed and when my

A week later a letter came from the sea-A week later a letter came from the seashore. In it was a little pink slip of paper.
The letter read:
"But," she
added in a minute, "I can't take your
legacy grandma."
"It will not be very much," said grandmother. "I will take just so much out of
the amount I leave you in my will," she
added.

A week later a letter came from the seashore. In it was a little pink slip of paper.
The letter read:
"Dear little Polly: We cannot get along
without you, and you and your grandmother must both come by the very first
train. Levingly your cousin, Pauline."
The check was large enough to buy
clothes and pay the carfares for both. It
was a mystery where Cousin Pauline had was a mystery where Cousin Pauline had "All right, then," cried Polly. "If you heard the particulars of Polly's sacrifice;

promise to do that I will accept."

"Agreed," said grandma, heartily, and they sealed the compact with a kiss.

"It you heard the particulars of Polly's Sacrince; till on their arrival at the seashore they found Mrs. Meriweather was there with little Donald and that she was an old

THE SEASONS.

And all the fur was felt.

We'd lie on the ground in the summertime,

And melt, and melt, and melt.

And the gold was pumpkin ple, We'd lie on the ground in the summer time, And buy, and buy, and buy.

THE BASHFUL GUESTS.

Three little girls went out to tea.
They were as bashful as they could be.
They could not find a word to say.
So teatime was not so very gay.
One little girl did naught but smile,
Her mouth was open all the while.
Another, though she tried and tried,
Would hold her head upon one side.
The third, a timid little girl,
Kept twisting round one golden curl.
With open mouth one cannot eat.
E'en though there be some tempting sweet,
And heads held sidewise cannot make
A graceful thing of eating cake.
And as for curls, 'twould better be,
To twist them in the nursery.
This little girl would then be able

This little girl would then be able
To use both hands while at the table.
But there they sat without a word,
For "children must be seen—not heard,"
And so, 'twas difficult, you see,
To entertain these groups at the

If all the world was a field of gold,

If all the world was blades of grass,

And all the grass was trees, We'd sit on the boughs in winter time. And freeze, and freeze, and freeze.

# A COUPLE OF NEW GAMES.

Go In Lemons.-Any number may play this game. Two of them stand aside, join- If all the world was a feather bed, ing hands like the arch in London Bridge;
they represent the squeezer. The other play
And ev'ry feather a wing.

We'd skim through the sir in the sweet springtime,

And sing, and sing. ers are the lemons, and they stand at some distance from the squeezer. The squeezer sings:

"Some lemons I want for the freezer, Come, july ones, come to the squeezer." They keep on singing this refrain, while the lemons creep nearer and nearer. Suddealy one of them darts through the arch.

If the squeezer is quick enough, the lemon is caught and squeezed, and stands aside, out of the game, while the squeezer sings:

"A julcy lemon, squeeze him dry. We'll have another by and by." We'll have sanother by and by."

But if the lemon gets through uncaught, he squeezer sings:

If all the world were turned around. No longer round 'twould be, and somebody would have to write A new geography.

"See, the rescal's passed us by!
To catch another we must try."

If the squeezer falls three times, it is worn out, and a new one must take its place. In this way the game can be kept up for a long time, for it is seidom that all the lemons get caught.

Rhyming.—This game is never old, and

for rainy days there is nothing like it. There are so many topics which can be fingled into funny rhymes if the rhymers have in

The fun consists in the head person starting the first line. The person next must give the rhyming line before a given number of seconds have passed. Usually one minute is the allotted time. Then, if he is not ready, any one in the company may call it out and change places. In this way a number of clever rhymes may be forthcoming, and the game may

call it out and change places. be kept up till the ingenuity of the players te exhausted

## A BLOCKADE.

"Let's don't!" said Ned to Fred. "All right, I'm with you," said Fred, and hey rubbel noses as they sealed the compact. Then they drew their wagon straight across the car tracks and refused to move. They were great big shaggy-footed iron grays, and the load they carried was not too heavy, but they were tired, and the day was hot, and they didn't care for the new driver. Besides, the cars, with their hor-rible clanging, were forever blocking their way, so now it was "tit for tat," no one could complain.

"Gee-up!" cried the driver, as they came to a halt. "Don't listen," said Ned.
"He may use his whip," suggested the
more prudent Fred.
"If he does, stand right up on your hind

legs; that's what I'm going to do."
"Can we do it with these heavy traces?"

"Can we do it with these heavy traces?"

"There's nothing like trying, at least we can give them some trouble, but don't start off if they whack you; that's just what they want, and they'll whack you again and again. My! 1 d give my head to see the cars lined up behind us! My dear boy, if you weren't new to the trade you'd appreciate the fun. Now it's beginning, look sharp and stand ready!"

"Hello, there!" called the motorman on car No. 1. "Why don't you get off my track?"

"Ask me somethin' easier?" grinned the teamster in reply. "Nothin' in the world won't make them hosses move till they gits ready, that's all there is to it."
"Turn 'em straight ahead!" shouted the conductor, "we can't be stayin' here all

day."
"Don't you move," said Ned to Fred.
"They won't budge, I tell you," answered
the driver.

the driver.

"What's your whip for?" growled the motorman, "give 'em a cut."

This the driver did, but with no effect. Fred and Ned pranced on their hind legs a bit, but went back to their same position teross the tracks.

By this time a dozen cars were blocked.

Several conductors were now upon the scene. One ran to Ned's head, and one to Fred's, but the massive creatures seemed made of iron, and resisted every effort to lead them. Ned was enjoying himself hugely, and as the crowd grew thicker and thicker, his spirits rose higher and higher. "Whativer shall I do?" asked the driver. "Can you unharness 'em?" asked the motorman.

"Oh, sure, but they'll not budge, it isn't hosses they be, but mules." A sudden thought came to the motorman; he told it to the conductor, who told it to the driver, and they all laughed.
"That'll fix 'em," said the driver, and the
two culprits looked at each other bewil-

"Oh, if I only didn't have on my 'blinkers," said Ned, anxiously. "Take care, look out, Fred, that push nearly took me off "That's a good idea!" cried the driver.
"Put on plenty of power and go on."
The car bounded forward with a lurch,

pushing the wagon in front of it.
"Goodness me!" cried Fred, "I nearly twisted an ankle; what are they doing back there? "A little more! A little more!" shouted the conductor. "There, there, now they're With a sudden twirl, the grays were

brought into position, and the angry, wasp-like flicking of the whip, soon set them into a steady pace.
"All right!" called the driver. "Go ahead Gee-up!" 'That's one on me," said Ned to his con

cars clang by.

#### AUNT MANDY.

Dear old Auntie Mandy did our washing while we were down south recently, and she was such a happy, brave old soul that used the trains so often that the little flag we worked very hard early and late; she station at the foot of the hill was a necesmust often have been weary, but nothing sity. Margaret was charmed when it was could depress her. In everything that oc- put up; she soon knew the various signals curred she saw only "good luck" for her- and the family grew to depend upon her, self. If our garments were overtrimmed for the very faintest whistle could not esthen it was "clar good luck fur Mandy ter cape her sharp ears; she seemed unconhave sich frills to show her hand on." It sciously to be always on the alert. was always the same: "Mandy was in luck" under the heaviest burdens.

One day she brought home the washing in a high state of glee.
"Jes' think, Mis' Andrew," she said, "I'se goin' ter git married! Isn't dat jes' fine luck fo' poor, ole black woman like me?"

luck fo' poor, ele biack woman like me?"

"I shall be very sorry to lose you,
Mandy," said Mrs. Andrews, "but I'm glad
if your life will be easier."

"Lose me!" gasped Mandy. "Lor! Mis'
Andrew, I can't afford to let you lose me
jes' now. Why, I'se goin' ter marry Br'er
Jackson an' his five chillun. I'se got ter
hustle now, fur sartin."

"But!" cried Mrs. Andrew, "I fail to see
where your good luck is coming in from

where your good luck is coming in from such a marriage, Mandy." "Why, chile, if I marry dat man an' his why, chue, if I marry dat man an his chillun, he's promised me six mo' big washes his fust wife done had! Dat's clar luck, Mis' Andrew, clar luck, 'sides habin' de honor ob marryin' in Br'er Jackson's fambly!" And Aunt Mandy tossed her head in pride over her new streak of luck.

### HONORING HIS MEMORY.

There were two little boys who recently went to visit a country aunt. They were allowed to run about and get dreadfully dirty, and consequently were very happy. They adored their aunt and tried to please her, and they succeeded in rather an odd way upon one occasion, as you will see.

They were in the midst of a mud ple tournament when their aunt carefully dressed, came out of the house and mounted into her carriage.

"Where are you going, Aunt Mary?" asked John. "To Mr. Bailey's funeral," the aunt re-"Dear me!" sighed Billy, the younger. "I have never been to a funeral. I do wish

you would take us, auntie!"
"If you had only asked sooner," said Aunt Mary, "I would have dressed you and taken you. Mr. Bailey was our principal citizen and I would have been glad to have you do his memory nonor." Away went the car-riage, but John and Billy stood and pon-dered. To miss the funeral of the principal citizen was out of the question; but they wanted to please Aunt Mary. There was no time to bathe, don best clothes and so forth, but they would honor the departed to the best of their ability. Imagine, then, Aunt Mary's surprise when she beheld her two well-meaning nephews walk into the village

#### TWO FACTS ABOUT NUMBERS

church and solemnly proceed up the center

best hats on and rigid kid gloves!

aisle, bare-footed, deplorably dirty, but with

Some very curious facts have been discovered about numbers, which maybe to a professor of mathematics might seem simple enough, but to the average person certainly appear remarkable.

Nine is perhaps one of the most mysterious numbers. If we multiply 9 by any number under 20, except 11, the sum of the digits in the products will always be 9. Thus:

9x2 equals 18 and 8 plus 1 equals 9. 8x3 equals 27 and 7 plus 2 equals 9. 9x4 equals 36 and 6 plus 3 equals 9, and

Another queer number is 37. If 37 be multiplied by 3 or any number of threes up to 27, the three digits in each product will be alike. For instance:

3x37 equals 111. 6x37 equals 222. 9x37 equals 333.

12x37 equals 444 15x37 equals 555, and so on up to 27. Any one who chooses to try some of these mathematical experiments, no doubt, will find out other interesting ones for him-

#### WHAT IS THE TEXT?

I saw such a pretty sight from my window the other day, that in thinking of it afterward I decided it was the best sermon I had ever seen or heard-for this sermon was acted as well as spoken. I told the story afterward to some little folks and asked them to choose a text for it. When I have repeated the tale to you I will tell you the texts and you may decide which was the most fitting.

A tired-looking woman came down the street bearing in her arms a restless, crying baby; behind her toddled a small boy, perhaps five years old. On his face was an expression of absolute content as he sucked and nibbled a stick of pink and white candy and he found life very, very sweet.

candy and he found life very, very sweet.

Presently the tired mother spoke harshly to the fretful baby.

"Stop crying!" she said, "and now you may walk by yourself. I'm going away from such a cross girl!"

The surprised baby found herself on her two small feet and eyeing through her tears the departing form of her mother. Long and loud she walled, and the horrified little brother faced a tragedy so great that little brother faced a tragedy so great that life lost much of its sweetness for all the

striped candy.

He could have run on and overtaken the mother. Poor little chap, he never doubted but what she was leaving them forever!

But what she was leaving them forever!
But that means deserting the helpless sister. He thought quickly:
"Poor mudder is tired!" he soothed loyally, "come, we'll run after mudder." But the forlorn little damsel sobbed with renewed vigor. Then, "Come, big brudder will carry little sister!" And with that the small solder bent to take upon himself the havy burgen. Even this aid to the wounded feelings of the infant was not sufficient. h avy burden. Even this aid to the wounded feelings of the infant was not sufficient. She sobbed bitterly pressing her curls against the stick of candy; which, since he had no other way to carry it, "big brudder" was carrying in his mouth. Finally the stout staggering figure paused, put the lamenting sister on the ground and said with a gulp: with a gulp:
"Here, take brudder's candy! Now let's
run after poor mudder!"

The transferred candy gave solace where all else had falled, and the two, hand in hand, ran after mother, who was waiting, I saw, just around the corner.

Now for the texts. One was, "Bear ye one another's burdens;" another was, "Greater love hath no man than this." And

# THIRTEEN.

one little girl sald slowly:
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

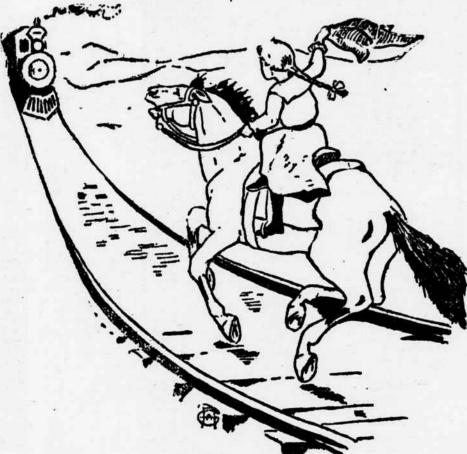
There is an old legend about the clock in St. Paul's, London, striking thirteen times, instead of twelve, once upon a time and it is said that because this was proved a sentinel's life was saved.

He was accused of sleeping at his post, which was at a considerable distance from the church. The poor fellow denied the charge, but could not bring evidence of his innocence. He had his trial, and the only proof of his wakefulness he brought forward was that at midnight he had heard St. Paul's strike thirteen. The judges laughed this to scorn as an impossibility, and besides they thought he could not hear so far. However, while he lay under sen-tence of death, several persons came forward and swore to the truth of his statement. It is reported that the soldier was set free, and long years afterward when he died the record of the circumstance was engraved on his coffin plate.

It was strange that no one had ever stumbled upon Jess and Miss Van Tinsel during those heavy summer afternoons; they lay side by side in the weeds, quite covered from view. They had been there so long,

Margaret cantered forward to meet it, but AT THE FLAG STATION. Margaret cantered forward to meet it, but to her amazement it did not sidetrack as usual, coming instead straight toward the station. The child's heart stood still; In five minutes' time the express would come thundering by, and it never stopped at the flag station unless signaled. It would dash next into the train hearing their friends The Conleys lived so far out of town and

past into the train bearing their friends from town, and Margaret shut her eyes as the dreadful vision came before her, but she was quick to think. She raced with Daisy back to the flag station and snatched the signal, a bit of scarlet flannel, from its nall on the wall. It was too late to warn the incoming train, which would not have Margaret was a queer child, used from time to back down to the switch and side-



"STEADY, STEADY, STEADY, THERE!" track before the express came upon them from the other direction. But she and Daisy would be able to signal the rushing

babyhood to roaming the country by herself. She knew every foot of the ground, and it was as natural for her to ride a horse as it was to walk and talk. Her own horse, Dalsy, happened to be born on her birth-day, a circumstance which delighted Mar-garet. The Conleys made great holidays of birthdays, and papa not only allowed her to have the naming of the pretty colt, but presented her as a birthday present to his little daughter.

How Margaret learned to ride she never

Once on Dalsy's back everything seemed easy, and many a canter they had in the summer days down the long stretch of road that led to town.

Margaret was never allowed to go to town

by herself, though she was eleven years old, and Daisy could have carried her quite safely; but she would often ride for a mile or more down the road "just to pretend."
She usually galloped as far as the flag station and turned Daisy loose for a little browse in a certain green pasture nearby while she went inside. Here she looked at the clock hanging just above the door, though she had to get on a bench to see it at all. Then she consulted the schedule nailed upon the wall, and then she waited for the passing of two or three trains, nodding and waving to the conductors and en-gineers, to whom the child's figure was a familiar landmark. Then she would call Dalsy, and would trot back home by the same road, all pretending that they had

been to town On a certain afternoon there was company expected by the late train for tea, and Margaret and Daisy went ahead of the carriage to welcome the guests. It was just sunset when they reached the flag station, riage to welcome the guests.

sunset when they reached the flag station, and Margaret could see the engine of the train from town poking its nose over the brow of a distant hill. At the top it would commence the down grade with double speed, sidetracking about half a mile from the flag station to let the home-bound express pass by.

Then mama bent down and kissed her tenderly.

"My little girl, my little girl!" she cried, and held her close. Margaret sighed and smiled and nestled closer still, and shut her eyes once more, for she was tired, and with mama's arms about her nothing else really mattered.

reached out and patted her favorite's glossy side. "Daisy didn't throw me," she said, rais-ing herself, "I fell—I couldn't see—every-thing got black."

Then mama bent down and kissed her

express and check its speed in time.

shrank back as she felt the ominous rum

snorting monster dashed in sight.

A surprised shriek and two short whistles

white face upturned to the sunset glow. The scarlet signal was still in her tightly

clenched hand, and Dalsy stood quietly by,

When Margaret came to herself she lay in her mother's lap, but she could not un-

derstand, until she saw the faces of the

people all around her and heard the cheer as she opened her eyes.

sniffing and neighing, until help arrived.

#### "HOOKING COUGH." THE

Written for The Star by Marietta M. Andrews



It was one day beside the sea Two little chaps made friends with me; They had their shovels and their pails And real boats with real sails; They let me play with all their things, I tied their chubby legs with strings, They laughed at every word I said, And gave me everything they had,

Shells, seaweeds, chocolate and toys-I never saw two nicer boys! We had a lovely time, we three, For I liked them, and they liked me. Then Fraulein came and dragged me off. She said they had the "hooking cough;" Something seems always bound to be Wrong with the kids that's good to me!

#### FABLES OF TOYLAND.

LITTLE TRAGEDY OF THE APPLE-BOUGH LANE.

In Apple-bough lane sunshine and shadow were mingled. When the warm radiance of noon hour bathed it the birds sang and the weeds rustled musically and the sky above went forever tumbling, as if a kindly tempest were at play among the cloud billows. At this hour squirrels played good naturedly by the hedge and went rollicking in wild blooms with which the lane was carpeted in summer. As the night came on, or when soft rain pattered among the dead leaves, Apple-bough lane was the most dismal place that you could imagine. It was strange that no one had ever stum-

when birds tilted on the apple boughs at the side of the lane. "Some day people will find us here, for-gotten and alone," declared Miss Van Tinsel, repeating a sentence that had grown to be an almost daily declaration with her.
"Then pedigree will tell—and family and wealth. They will recognize that you are of a common sort and leave you here, but I shall be taken back to the lap of luxury once more. You shall see."

Jess never replied. She just drew the sheltering weeds about her poor little china body and thought—thought of the poverty of winter when the apple blossoms and the birds were not there.

It owen chances that even the unassum-

away back on a previous summer two little girls had played in the lane together, a rich little girl and a poor one. Somehow, because of a storm, or the dreams, or the laughter, two dollies were left amid the weeds of the lane, a prim young thing in finery and a china doll without possible predigrams.

Even a year of companionship, as they

lay deep buried under the leaves and the changing skies, had not brought friendship.

ing and good are sorely tried, and poor Jess was severely reminded of this on an afternoon not long afterward. A little girl, dressed in the height of fashion, came romping down the lane. She had been away to school and was much changed, but Jess and Miss Van Tinsel recognized her. It was the rich little girl. Quite by accident she trod upon Miss Van Tinsel and picked

her up.
"Now is my time—I told you so!" said the doll triumphantly as she was lifted out of the weeds and carried down the lane a Unfortunately, however, Miss Van Tinsel

surprise.
"My old doll!" ejaculated the rich little girl in astonishment, as she held the poor, faded creature out at arms' length in her neatly gloved hand. "Ugh, but she's nasty and wet and quite ruined; I should not like her now." Having said this, she tossed poor Miss Van Tinsel back into the weeds

again and hurried away up the lane.

That same afternoon another little girl came into the lane—she had been absent, too. Illness had taken the roses from her cheeks and she was thin from long suffer-ing. She picked stray blossoms from the tangle of undergrowth in the lane and bathed her wan face in the bright petals that were showered from the apple boughs.

Miss Van Tinsel was watching her.

tears still wet upon her round checks. She saw the child bending over something in the weeds directly at her feet, and then snatch it to her breast as if it were the very greatest treasure in all the world "My dolly—my poor—poor lost Jessy!" she cried joyfully. "I have found you at last—you shall come home and I will give you a new dress and love you—SO much!" Then Miss Van Tinsel, as she crouched forgotten and alone in the wet leaves, saw the china doll borne in loving arms down path of failen apple blossoms.

MORAL—Our WORTH is not by what we think of OURSELVES, but by the love OTHERS bestow upon us.



### through good weather and stormy, that Miss Van Tinsel's fine clothes were worn to a bedraggled ruin, while poor Jess was as naked as when she first came into the world. Away back on a previous summer two little **RED EPAULETS**

In the fust times de whole tribe was all over black, dat what get 'em dey names Blackbird.

Dey stayed round de house den, not in de swamp-roosts and travelin' round like der Mister Blackbird one day was pecking round de house do', when all of a sudden

Miss Van Tinsel was proud and haughty and overbearing, so much so that Jess had long since lapsed into silence, from which only the songs of spring could arouse her, only the songs of spring could arouse her, look up inter Mis' Cat's face as she hell him in her mouf-and dat cat's face was

> I it don't love water Mister Blackbird he holler: "Oh, Mis' Cat, I grant your grace, Don't eat me wid a dirty face!"

Mis' Cat she was sho' stonish', and she was sho' mad; she say: "What's dat word You say, Blackbird?"

Blackbird skeered, but he cheep out bor e could ag'in:

"I beg yo' pardon, grant me grace— Don't eat me wid a dirty face!" Cat was too clean a critter not to grant dat 'ques'. She lay Mister Blackbird down, and she put one paw stretched to ever' claw stickin' out right 'crost his wings. Den she go to washin' her face. She lick dat vo'her paw wash and lick and right

dat y'o'her paw, wash and lick, and rub, D'rectly dat paw go over behind her ear, Dat's a sho' rain sign for a cat to wash behind her ear, and Mister Blackbird

knowed it. Soon as he see dat paw go 'hind her ear he holler keen: "Hit gwine rain Soon again!" He holler so sudden and sharp he make Mis' Cat jump—and lose her hold. Up jump de blackbird. Mis' Cat give a quick lick at him as he go and scratch de feathers clean offer de tops er bof' shoulders. Scratch his shoulder-blades rale red raw.

Dey is been red ever sence. He and all his folks wears 'em dat way twel yit fer a warnin'. Dey keeps away from quarters where cats stays now, dey do.

Chillen, it's mighty well ter keep up de 'memb'rance of yo' misfortunes, so's you can keep out dey way nex' time.



Behead: 1. A traveling vehicle and leave a kim of moisture. 2. A kind of dish and leave a bird 3. A useful toilet article and leave what people used for light in olden times. 4. A household necessity and leave an apartment.

OMITTED WORDS. Fill the blanks with words which all have the same pronunciation. Example: Two, too, to.

I wish you would to the minister and say that I want the - of baptism performed for the baby next Sunday. I will, but first I must see the wheel - and have him that trouble in the axle. Yes, you are - - -

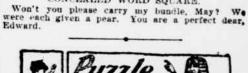
PROPS. The numbers will tell how many additional letters are needed to form the words described. 1. Prop 2, drives forward. 2. Prop 2, is correct. 3. Prop 4, is owned. 4. Prop 3, foretells. 5. Prop 6, is highly favorable to success.

PIED PROVERB. Teals dats si tonseos demend.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

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1. I am a word of four letters and mean a ceremony; transpose me and I mean to fatigue. 2. I am a word of four letters and mean reclined; transpose me and I mean a part of the finger. 3. I am a word of four letters and mean a part of circle; transpose me and I mean a word of four letters and mean a weekle. 4. I am a word of four letters and mean a metal; transpose me and I mean to trade. CONCEALED WORD SQUARE.





PIED PROVERS Let another man praise thee. HIDDEN-WORD SQUARE.

HIDDEN FLOWERS. 1. Aster. 2. Datay. 3. Pansy. 4. Rose. 5. Ciover. 6. Pink.

ADDITIONS

RIDDLE